

# Wee Gillis

By Munro Leaf

Illustrations by Robert Lawson

«Ã V° i

PÀÈÀÒÀ CÈÀ<sup>a</sup>ÁZÀ : ÈÉ f gÁd®Qëä





His real name was Alastair Roderic Caraigellachie  
Dalhousie Gowan Donnybristle MacMac, but that took  
too long to say, so everybody just called him Wee Gillis.

C<sup>a</sup>ÀÈÀ ¢d<sup>a</sup>ÀzÀ °É,ÀgÀÀ C<sup>-</sup>i,ÉÖÀÑi gi gÉ/ÈqÀj Pi PÀgÉÀUÀ° Zi  
qÀ<sup>-</sup>Èí<sup>1</sup> UÉ/ÈÀ<sup>a</sup>ÀÈi qÉ/ÈÀ¢©æi<sup>-</sup>i<sup>1</sup> aÀÀPi<sup>a</sup>ÀÀPi JAZÀÀ. DzÀgÉ  
CzÀÀ vÀÀA<sup>-</sup>Á GzÀVzÀ °É,ÀgÉAZÀÀ C<sup>a</sup>ÀÈÀÈÀB J®ègÀ/È «À V°<sup>-</sup>i  
JAZÀÀ PÀgÉÀÀÀwLzÀVÀÀ.



His mother's relations were all Lowlanders. They stayed down in the valleys and raised long-haired cows.

His father's relations were all Highlanders. They stayed up in the hills and stalked stags.

Wee Gillis didn't know which he wanted to be, a Lowlander or a Highlander.

C<sup>a</sup>ÀÈÀ VÁ—ÀÀÀÀ PÀQÉÀÀÀ SÀZÀÀUÀÉ®è ÈÍ ÒÀ VÀÝÀ° ÈÀÀqÀÀ.  
C<sup>a</sup>ÀqÀÀ GZÀPÁZÀ gÉ/ÈÀ<sup>a</sup>ÀÀ<sup>a</sup>ÀÀÀ òÀ ÀÀUÀ/ÀÈÀÀB ÁPÀÀVÁÙ  
PÀtÀÉUÀÀ° è <sup>a</sup>Á¹ ÀÀwÙZÀbÀÀ.

C<sup>a</sup>ÀÈÀ VÀAZÉÀÀÀ PÀQÉÀÀÀ ÀÀSÀÇÀÀqÀÀ É/ÈÀ©ÈÀ FÀPÉUÀ/ÀÈÀÀB  
ÈÀÀÈÀÀÀqÀÀVÁÙ ÈÍ ÒÀ <sup>a</sup>ÈÀÀ—É <sup>a</sup>Á¹ ÀÀwÙZÀbÀÀ.

«À V° ÿi VÁÈÀÀ PÀtÀÉÀÀÀ<sup>a</sup>ÀÈÁUÀÈÀÉ/ÈÀ  
ÈÍ ÒÀ<sup>a</sup>ÀÈÁUÀÈÀÉ/ÈÀ JÀZÀÀ ÈÈÀÈB WÀ<sup>a</sup>ÀÀÁÖæ¹gÀ° ®è



His mother's relations all thought that his father's relations were very foolish to run and climb and creep around the hills stalking stags.

C<sup>a</sup>ÀÈÀ vÁ-ÀÀÀÀ SÀZÀÀUÀÀ C<sup>a</sup>ÀÈÀ vÀAzÉÀÀ SÀZÀÀUÀÀÈÀÀ  
 ``ÉI ÔÀÈÀÀ ÒÀWÛ FÀFÈUÀÀ »AzÉ ÔÉÀZÀÀ ÔÁÀÀvÁÛ NqÀÀ<sup>a</sup>À  
<sup>a</sup>ÀÀ/ERÖgÉAZÀÀ ``Á«ÀÀWÛZÀÀÀ.

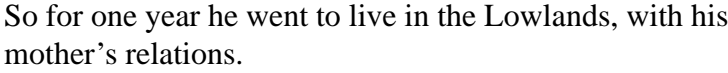


His father's relations all thought that his mother's relations were very silly to drive and call and milk their long-haired cows.

Wee Gillis didn't know, but he watched them both and he was cheerful and amiable.

C<sup>a</sup>ÀÈÀ vAAZÉÀÀÀ SÀZÀÀUÀVÉ Àè C<sup>a</sup>ÀÈÀ vÁ-ÀÀÀÀ SÀZÀÀUÀVÉÀÀB  
vÀÀYÀZÀÀZÀ °À ÀÀUÀVÉÀÀB °ÉÀÀ-À ÀÀvÁÚ C<sup>a</sup>ÀÀUÀVÉÀÀB PÀGÉÀÀÀvÁÚ  
C<sup>a</sup>ÀÀUÀVÉ °Á@À »AqÀÀvÁÚ C<sup>a</sup>ÀÀUÀVÉ »AzÉ wgÀÀUÀÀ<sup>a</sup>À  
<sup>a</sup>ÀÀmÀÀqÉAZÀÀ ÀÀ« ÀÀwLZÀÀÀ.

«À V° i vÁÈÀÀ KÈÀÀ <sup>a</sup>ÀÀqÀÀ<sup>a</sup>ÉÉÉASÀZÀÀÀ SUEÍ KÈÀVÉ  
w½ÀÀÀÇZÀÀVÉ C<sup>a</sup>Àj SàÀÈÀVÈB UÀ<sup>a</sup>ÀÀÀ ÀÀvÁÚ ÀÀVÉÈÀµÀÇZÀÀ,  
E SàÀÈÀqÀÈÉÀÀÀVÉ ÉÀÀ°ÀÇZÀÀ ÉÀ EgÀÀwLZÀÀÈÀÀ.



MAZÄÄ ªÄÜÖZÄ PÄ® CªÆÄÄ vÄYÄ° ÈÄ° è vÆÄB VÄ→ÄÄÄ  
ŞAZªÄUÄVÆEQÄÈ ªÄ¹, Ä®Ä °ÆGÄI ÈÄ.



Every day he rose early and ate a large bowl of oatmeal.

¥Àæv "É½UEIAÑÆ "ÉÅUÆÉ JzÅY MAZÄÄ zÉÆqÄØ SI Ø®Ä CAS°  
PÄÄrÄÑÄÄwÜÄÆÄÄ.



Then he drove the long-haired cows out along the valleys  
and at night he called and called them, and drove them  
home again in time for his mother's relations to milk  
them.

CEAAvAgà vAAyAaZà °À,AAUA/MEAB PAt AEUVA vAA'É®è  
CqAOr<sup>1</sup>PEAEqAA SgA®À PAgEZÉ/EA/AAävÜZANEÄ.  
gÁwaAñÁUAwÜZANvÉ °AAEEUE »AwgAAUA®À C°AAUA/MEAB PÄEV  
PÄGEZÄÄ, vAEBvÁ—AAIÄÄ ŠAZÄUA½UE °Á®Ä »AqA®Ä  
CEAAPVE®°ÁUAÄ°AAvÉ ,A°AAZÄPEI ,Aj AñÁV °AAEEUE  
vAgAA©PEAEqAA SgAAwÜZANEÄ.





Once he was late in getting them home. Then the relations all asked him what had kept him and he had to tell them that the cows wouldn't come when he called.

Then the relations all said that he didn't shout loud enough and that the cows couldn't hear him through the heavy mist.

M<sup>a</sup>EÄä C<sup>a</sup>AENÄ »AwgÄAUNÄ<sup>a</sup>NZÄÄ vÄqÄ<sup>a</sup>Á-ÄvNÄ. C<sup>a</sup>AEN  
SÄZÄAUVÄ<sup>-</sup>Äè vÄqÄ<sup>a</sup>ÄZÄÄZÄEÄFÄAZÄÄ C<sup>a</sup>AENÄAB FÄÄ½ZÄgÄÄ.  
vÄFÄEÄÄO MÄEZÄgÄVÈ OÄ ÄÄUÄVÄ SgÄ®<sup>e</sup>ÄÄZÄÄ C<sup>a</sup>AENÄ ÖÄÄ½ZÄÄÄ.

ZÀÌ Ò È ŠàAÑÀ ÈÀQÀÀ«»AZÀ VÀEJ °ÀÀÀUÀ½UE FÉÁVÀAÀUÀÒ  
ZÉÆQNO ZÀAÑÀ° è CªAEÀ PIGÉAÑÀ®èFÁZÀ CªEA ŠAZÀUÀVÀ  
CªÀUÉ °ÉÁ½ZÀQÀ.



So every night when the mists would come down over the valleys, Wee Gillis would shout a little louder than he had before. That was fine for his lungs and by the end of the year they were very, very strong.

PA t REA M E A B a A A d A a A A A O Z A Y A w g A w A A ° è « A V ° i  
° A A A A E A B a E E Z A ° V A V A U A O Z A - A A Z A P A E A A A W O Z A E A A.  
C Z A A C A E A ± A E A E A A A A U E » v A P A j a A A A A a A A A V v A A O  
C a A A a A A A O A v A Z A a E A E U E S ° A A A A O S ® ± A ° A A A V Z A P A A



On the first day of the New Year Wee Gillis went up into the Highlands.

°ÉÆ,ÀªµÀÖZÀ ªÉÆZÀ® ¢EÀ «Ã V° ,iEÄÄ °ÉI ÖZÀ EÁrUE  
°ÉÆgAI EÄÄ.



Every day he rose early and ate a large bowl of oatmeal with his father's relations.

¥Aaw "É½UEIAÑÆ "ÉÅUÆÉZÅY VÆAB VÅAZÉAÑÑ \$AZBÅUÆÆqÆÉ  
zÉÆqNzÉÆAZÅ SI ØÄ UÅF PÅrAÑÅwÜZÆEÅ.



Then he sat out walking and crawling, running and creeping all over the hills stalking stags.

CĒĀVĀĠ ĒĪ ŌĀVĀ ĀĒĀĒ-Ē-ĀĒ ĒĀĒĀĀVĀĠ, VĒĀVĀVĀĠ, NqĀVĀĠ  
FĀPĒVĀVĀ ĒĀMĒĒ ĒĒĒĒĒ ĒĒQ WĠĀVĀVĀVĀVĀ.



He would hide behind thistles and sit on the heather and sometimes he would have to be so quiet for hours at a time that you would have thought he was a stone.

¥ÉÇZÉUÀ¹À »AzÉ, ºÀgÀUÀ¹À »AzÉ CqÀUÀvÁÙ È®ªÀ ºÁj  
 G¹gÀPÀnÖ ,ÀSÞÁV ²-ÁªÀÆwÖÀªÀAvÉ JµÉÆÖ ºÉÆvÀÀÜ  
 PÀ¹½wgÀ ÈÃÁUÀwÖÀÀÜ



Then the relations all told Wee Gillis that he didn't keep quiet enough and that he must learn to hold his breath.

D G1j ÈÀ ,ÀCÝA ZÀ ,À«ÄÄÝÀZÀ° ØÄÝ FÄÉ ``ÉZÄj Nr  
°ÉÆÄ¬ÄvÄÄ.

DUA C° ɛzAV C°AEÀ ŞAZBÀUAVNÀ C°AEÀ ÁPÀPÀO  
 NUSIEÁVgà° ®e°EzÀME, vÀEB G¹gAEAB ©V»rAÑÀ®À  
 C°a°EÀEB PÀ° AÑÀ·EÁEzÀME «Ã V° ,i°UE°EÁ½zAgNÀ.







So year in and year out Wee Gillis would take turns calling the cows in the Lowlands and stalking the stags in the Highlands and all the while his lungs grew stronger and stronger.

>>ÁUEÉÁ MAZÁ<sup>a</sup>ÁUO WAI ÓZÁ FÉVUE ÓÁ ÁUÁVÁ<sup>a</sup>ÁÁZÉUÁ/ÁEÁB  
<sup>a</sup>ÉÁÁ→Á ÁVÁU<sup>a</sup>ÁÁÁ<sup>a</sup>ÁUO WAI ÓZÁ<sup>a</sup>ÉÁÁ-É FÁFÉUÁ/ÁEÁB  
 ÉÁNÉÁÁÁÁVÁU ÉZÁVÁZÁZÁ «Á V°<sub>i</sub> ÉÁ ÁÉÁÁÉ/ÉÁÁUÁVÁ  
 ÉÁÁÁÁ<sup>a</sup>ÁVÁÁÁÁÁ S<sup>®</sup>+Á° ÁÁÁÁÁÁÁ





They walked and walked not saying a word, down through the valleys and over the hills, until they found just the right spot for deciding. Then his Uncle Andrew and his Uncle Angus stopped and stood very still. They turned to Wee Gillis. He was exactly half way up the side of a medium sized hill not in the Lowlands and not in the Highlands, just in the middle, and he had to choose forever.

C<sup>a</sup>AgAA MAZÀE a<sup>ni</sup>AvAEÁqAzÉ Pàt<sup>À</sup>ÉUVA EAQAA«<sup>□</sup>AZÀ, ``ÉI UÀVÀ  
a<sup>É</sup>AA° <sup>□</sup>AZÀ, <sup>□</sup>zÀÖj ,À®À ,Aj A<sup>ni</sup>ÁZà vÁt zÉEgÉA<sup>ni</sup>AA<sup>a</sup>ÀAgÉUÀE  
EAQÉA<sup>ni</sup>AAvÁÜ ,ÁVzAgAA. C° è a<sup>ni</sup>Á<sup>a</sup>À DÀqÀEæ<sup>a</sup>AAvAAÜ a<sup>ni</sup>AA  
DÀUÀ,i ÈÀRUE <sup>□</sup>°è¹ <sup>□</sup>±<sup>ni</sup>®<sup>a</sup>ÁV <sup>□</sup>AvAgAA. C<sup>a</sup>AgAA «<sup>À</sup> V° ,i  
ÈÀ PÀqÉUE wgAAVZAgAA. C<sup>a</sup>AEAA ,ÁzÁgAt UÁvAzà ``ÉI ÜÀ  
SÇA<sup>ni</sup>AA° è, CzAgÀ a<sup>É</sup>AA®/E C®èÉ ÉVUÀVE C®èÉ, ,Aj A<sup>ni</sup>ÁV  
CzAgÀ a<sup>ni</sup>AAzà ``ÁUÀZÀ° è <sup>□</sup>AwzÀEAA. FUA<sup>a</sup>AEAA zÀEqÀ<sup>a</sup>ÁZà vÀEAB  
<sup>□</sup>®<sup>a</sup>AEAAAB PAAqAAÉ/ÉV<sup>ni</sup> ``ÉÁQvAAÜ



Gillis looked down and Gillis looked up. Then he looked at his uncles and they began to talk.

V° i ~~FE/FE~~ EE/EErZAEÄM a<sup>Ä</sup>VEÜ a<sup>ÄÄ</sup> É EE/EErZAEÄM. C<sup>Ä</sup>AvAgÄ  
vÄEÄB a<sup>ÄÄ</sup> a<sup>ÄÄÄÄÄ</sup> a<sup>ÄÄÄÄÄ</sup> CgÄ MÄEÜ EE/EErZAEÄM. C<sup>Ä</sup>ÄgÄ  
a<sup>ÄÄ</sup>AvAEÄqÄ®Ä a<sup>Ä</sup>EzÄ®Ä a<sup>ÄÄ</sup>ÄrZÄgÄM.



First they pleaded and then they begged very softly and very quietly, one at a time, and they politely waited for each to finish what he had to say before the other began.

But still Wee Gillis could not decide.

C<sup>a</sup>Ĳ S<sup>g</sup>ĲE M S<sup>g</sup>Ĳ ĒĀvĀġĀ EĒĒĒS<sup>g</sup>ĲĀ, <sup>a</sup>ĀvĒĒS<sup>g</sup>ĲĀ vĀ<sup>a</sup>ĀĀ<sup>a</sup>  
<sup>a</sup>ĒĀvĀĀ <sup>a</sup>ĀĀV<sup>Ā</sup>Ā<sup>a</sup>ĀġĒĒE PĀZĀĒĒĒĒĒ <sup>a</sup>ĀĒZĀ<sup>a</sup>ĀV,  
<sup>±</sup>ĀĀvĀ<sup>a</sup>ĀV <sup>a</sup>ĒĒZĀ<sup>®</sup>Ā Cj ĒĒ <sup>a</sup>ĒĀrĒĒĒĒĒĒ, CĒĀvĀġĀ  
<sup>Ē</sup>ĒĒĒĒĒĒĒĒ.

DzĀġĒE «Ā V<sup>°</sup> ĲĒE <sup>±</sup>zĀĲj ĲĒĒ<sup>°</sup>®Ē





You could hear them shouting all the way down in the valleys and all the way up in the hills.

C<sup>a</sup>ÀÀ PÀEUÁI Qj ZÁI UÁVÁ PÀtÁÉÁVÁ E½eÁj ÉÁZÁVÁEÍ  
 "ÉI QÀ Kj ÉÉVÁQÁVÁEÍ PÉÁVÁWÓVÁQ



Suddenly his uncles stopped jumping and shouting because a very a large man had come up behind them.

He was carrying something brown and big, but he put it down beside a rock and then he looked at Wee Gillis and then at Uncle Andrew and then at Uncle Angus. When they were very quiet he sat down on the rock.

EzÀNòlZÀVÉ ºNÁªÀ aPÀVÀAÇgà PÀVEUÁI °ÁgÁI UÁVÀÀ  
 ºAvÀÀ°ÉÆÄZªªÀ KÆAZÀgÉ MŠâ VÀÀA°Á zÉÆqÀO UÁVÀZª  
 ºNÀÈNÀµÀÆÉÆSÆÀ CªJ ŠgÀ »AzÉ ŠAZNÀ ºAwzÀÈÀÀ.

CªÆÈÀ PÀAZNÀ ŠtÚZÀ °Áj Á ºÀ NÀUPEÆÆÆÆÆÆ  
 °ÉÆvÉÆUÀNÀAvÚZÀÈÀÀ. CzÀÈNÀB MAZNÀ ŠAqÉÀNÀ Š½ÀNÀ° è  
 EI ÅO MªÈÄª «Á V° iÈÀVÀO ÈÈÆÄr ºNÁªÀ DªAqÀÆÆVÀO MªÈÄª  
 aPÀVÀa DªAUA iÈÀVÀO MªÈÄª PÀtÀU °Á-À¹zÀÈÀÀ. CªAgÀÀ  
 ºNÁVÁqÀÇzÀVZÀÈÀB ÈÈÆÄr D ŠAqÉÀNÀ ºÈÄÄ-É PÀV½VÀÈÀÀ.





He picked up the big brown thing that looked like a sack with sticks on it and took a deep breath and puffed his cheeks and shut his eyes and blew into one end of it with all his might, but ...

PE/EA®AUW/MEANn<sup>1</sup>gAA<sup>a</sup> aA®ZAAvÉ PÁtAwUzAY PAAZAA StUzÀ D  
"Áj Á <sup>a</sup>À,AAUPAEAAß vEUÉZAAPE/EAqAA ZÉ/EqAQZÉ/EAZAA G<sup>1</sup>gAA  
JYÉZAAPE/EAqAA, PEEERAA/MEAAß H Ç<sup>1</sup>PE/EAqAA, PAtAUW/MEAAß  
<sup>a</sup>AAaAñE/EAqAA, vAEÉB Áè ±AQUAñAE/EB G¥AAÉ/EAV<sup>1</sup> CzAgÀ  
MAZAA vAAÇ -AAZÀ H ZÀ®À ¥AAZAAWß ZAEAA.



Nothing happened. He shook his head sadly and tried again but nothing happened. And then he was very sad and he said so.

He was almost ready to cry because he was a bagpiper and he had just made these fine new bagpipes to play on, but he had made them too big and he didn't have breath enough to blow them.

KEÀE DUÀ° ®è zÀBRÇAzÀ CªÀÈÀ vÀÉ C-Àè¹ zÀÈÀ.  
 ªÀÀVÉ/ÈÜÉÀ ¤ÀÀÀwB¹ zÀÈÀ, DzÀqÀE KEÀE DUÀ° ®è CªÀ¼ÜÉ  
 S°ÀÀ zÀBRªÁ-ÀvÀÀ. °ÁÜEAzÀ CªÀÈÀ CªqÉ/EqÀÈÈÀÀ/E  
 °É½É/EqÀÈÈÀ.

CªÀ¼ÜÉ C¹ÀªÉÀ SgÀªÀAvVÀÀ CªÀÈÈÈSªªÁj¹ ¤ÉÉ¹¹  
 ªÁzÀÀÜqÀ. CªÀÈÀ D °É/E,À ÀÈÈÈªªÁzÀ ªÁzÀªÀÈÀB  
 ÈÀr,À-ÉAzÀ DUÀ vÀÈÈ ªÀÀrzÀÈÀ. DzÀqÉ CzÀÀ vÀÀªª  
 zÉ/EqÀzÁV©nÜÀÀ CzÀÈÀB H¹ zÀªªÀÀÀ ÀQÜ CªÀÈÀ° è  
 EgÀ° ®è



Uncle Andrew was sorry for him, so he tried to blow them but he couldn't.

a<sup>n</sup>lĀ<sup>a</sup>ā Dāqāēzā , ā<sup>o</sup>ā ēēāzānāēāqāēā. C<sup>a</sup>āēēē , ā<sup>o</sup>ā CzāēēāB  
H-zā®ā yāzāwB zāēā. Dzāēē , āyā®ēāū<sup>o</sup> ®ē



Uncle Angus was sorry for him too, so he tried to blow them but he couldn't.

aPñYā DāUā, i , Ā°Ā CªĀ=UÁV EEÆAzĀEĀĀ. CªĀEĀVE CzĀEĀĀB  
H zĀ©Ā AĀĀwB' zĀEĀĀ. DzĀgÉ «¥Ā©EĀzĀEĀĀ.



So they all sat down on the rocks and were sad together. Wee Gillis wished that his uncles would ask him to try – but they didn't, so he just stood and looked as though he would like to.

After a long time the large man noticed him and shook his head slowly, but because Wee Gillis looked so wanting to, the large man asked him if he would like to try. Wee Gillis said: "Aye," so he did.

C<sup>a</sup>Agé<sup>®</sup>gAE ŠAqÉU<sup>MA</sup> aÉĀĀ-É MmÁŮ zĀBRČAzĀ  
 PĀĀ½vĀĀFÉEAqĀĀ. «Ā V° ,i PĀEqĀ vĀEĀB aĀĀ<sup>a</sup>ĀEĀUĀ° Ā,  
 aPĀĀĀEĀUĀ° Ā vĀEĀEĀEB D<sup>a</sup>ĀZĀPĀEĀB H zĀ<sup>®</sup>Ā  
 ¥ĀĀĀwĀĀ<sup>a</sup>ĀĀVÉ FÉĀ½<sup>a</sup>AgÉĀEÉ/Ē JAzĀ Ąj ĀQĒĀwĀzĀEĀĀ.  
 DzĀgÉ C<sup>a</sup>AgĀ C<sup>a</sup>Ā<sup>□</sup>UEĀEĀE ĀEa.Ā° ®è C<sup>a</sup>Ā<sup>□</sup>UE CzĀEĀB  
 ¥ĀĀĀwĀĀ<sup>a</sup>Ā D,É-ĀZĀĀVE C° è ĀĀ<sup>a</sup>ĀĀE ĄAwzĀEĀĀ.

MAZĀĀĀO°ÉvĀŮzĀ EĀAvĀgĀ D<sup>°</sup>Āj Ā<sup>a</sup>ĀEĀĀPĀEĀ C<sup>a</sup>ĀEĀĀB  
 UĀĀĀ<sup>□</sup>1 ĄzĀEĀĀV vĀ-ĒĀĀEĀB C<sup>®</sup>ĀUĀr<sup>1</sup>zĀEĀĀ. DzĀgÉ  
 C<sup>a</sup>Ā<sup>□</sup>UE CzĀEĀB H zĀ<sup>®</sup>Ā<sup>a</sup>ĀEĀ<sup>1</sup>igĀĀ<sup>a</sup>ĀzĀEĀB w½zĀĀFÉEAqĀĀ  
 C<sup>a</sup>Ā<sup>□</sup>UE ¥ĀĀĀwĀĀ<sup>a</sup>ĀĀVÉ FÉĀ½FÉEAqĀEĀĀ. «Ā V° ,i  
 ĀĀ<sup>°</sup>ĀĀČAzĀ M ; ĀE/EAqĀEĀĀ.

C<sup>a</sup>AEÄÄ aÉÆZÄ®Ä WÄI ÖZÄ vÄVIEA° ezÄVÜÄ ESæÄÄÄ gÄwÄWÄ° è  
 °Ä ÄÄÜÄ/ÄÄÄB PÄgEÄÄÄÄ ÄVEÄÄVÉ DÄÄÄZÄ G¹gÄÄ  
 J¼EZÄÄFEÄEqÄÄÄ.



Then he held it the way he used to when he was sitting  
very still stalking stags in the Highlands.

D<sup>a</sup>ÉÁÁ-É WAI ÓÀ <sup>a</sup>ÉÁÁ° ZÁYÀ FAPÉÁÑÑ ÉÁmÉÁÑÑ Á<sup>a</sup>ÁÁÁÑÑÀ° è  
¤±¤<sup>a</sup>ÁV PÁÁ½VÁÁPEÁVÁÁ<sup>a</sup>ÁVEÁÁVÉ G<sup>1</sup>gÁÁ »rzÁÁ  
¤° è<sup>1</sup>PEÁEqÁEÁÁ.



And then he BLEW with all the force in his very, very strong lungs. The bag filled up and let out a screech through every one of its pipes and the large man and Uncle Andrew and Uncle Angus fell off their rocks with surprise.

DEAAvAgA vAEAB CvAAvA S®±Á° ±Áé, ÆÉ/EA±NUA/ S®ªÆÉ®è  
 S/¹¹ CzÆEAB H ÇZÆEÄ. D aÄ® vAA©ÆÉEAqAA CzAgA J-Áè  
 FÉ/EAªEUA½AZA®Æ QÄZÄ®Ä ÄgA °ÉÆgA°ÉÆ«Ää/ÄÄ. ¨Áj Ä  
 UÁvAzAªªÆEÄµÄª, ªÄÄªª DÄq/ÆæªªÄvAAÜ aPÄYÄ DÄUA, i  
 CZÄj -ÄAZA vÁªÄ PÄ½vÄ SAqÉ-ÄAZA FÉ/ÆE ©ZÄYÄÄ.





So the large man taught him how to make music and now Wee Gillis is welcome down in the Lowlands and up in the Highlands, but most of the time he just stays in his house half way up the side of a medium sized hill and plays THE BIGGEST BAGPIPES IN ALL SCOTLAND.

D "Áj Ā UÁvÀzà "AAEAµÀEA CªAµUE CzÀj AzÀ ,AAVĀvªAEAB  
 EAr ,AAªĀzĀ "EĀUEAZĀ PĀ° 1PÉ/El ĞĀĀ. FUA «Ā V° ,i WAI ĞĀ  
 PÉ/ĀUAE "AAVĀU WAI ĞĀ "EĀĀ®/E ,ĀĀvĀ°ĀOEĀVzĀĒÉ. DzĀgÉ  
 CªAEĀ EĀqĀAUĀvÀzà ¥ĀªĀĀvÀzà °ĀCĀĀ "ĀzĀzà° ġĀªĀ vĀEAB  
 "AAEEĀĀ° èªĀ 1 ,ĀvĀĒÉ. "ĀvĀU ,ĀmÉArEĀ CwĀ zÉEqĀO  
 "ĀĀi -¥ÉÉ¥iª "ĀzĀªAEAB EAr ,ĀvĀU EġĀvĀĒÉ.

ªAAV -ĀvĀ.